

AFRO-AMERICAN REALTY COMPANY By PHILIP A. PAYTON, Jr. General Manager
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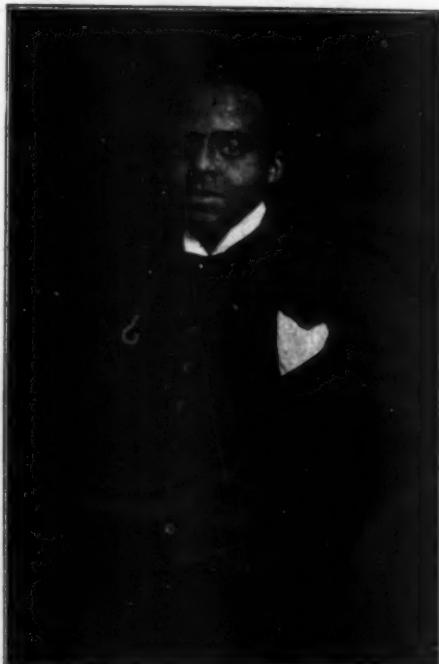
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NOVEMBER, 1904

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of The Afro-American Realty Co.

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per Year

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Ten Cents
a Single Number

The Colored American Magazine

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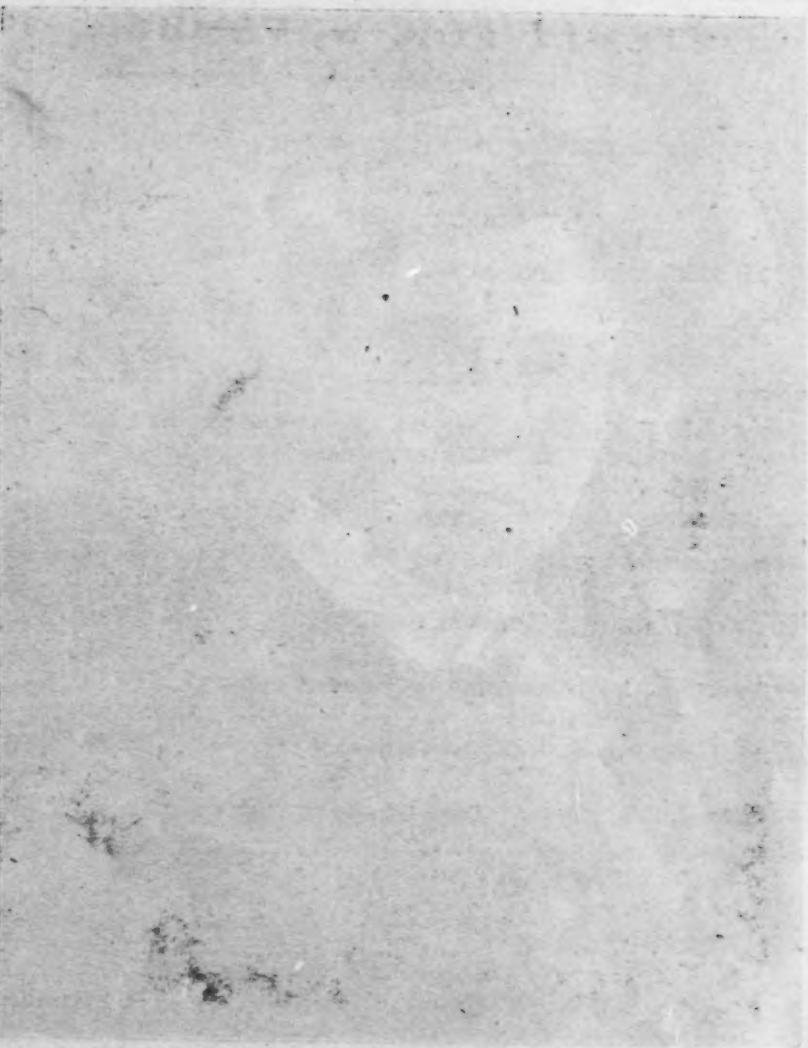
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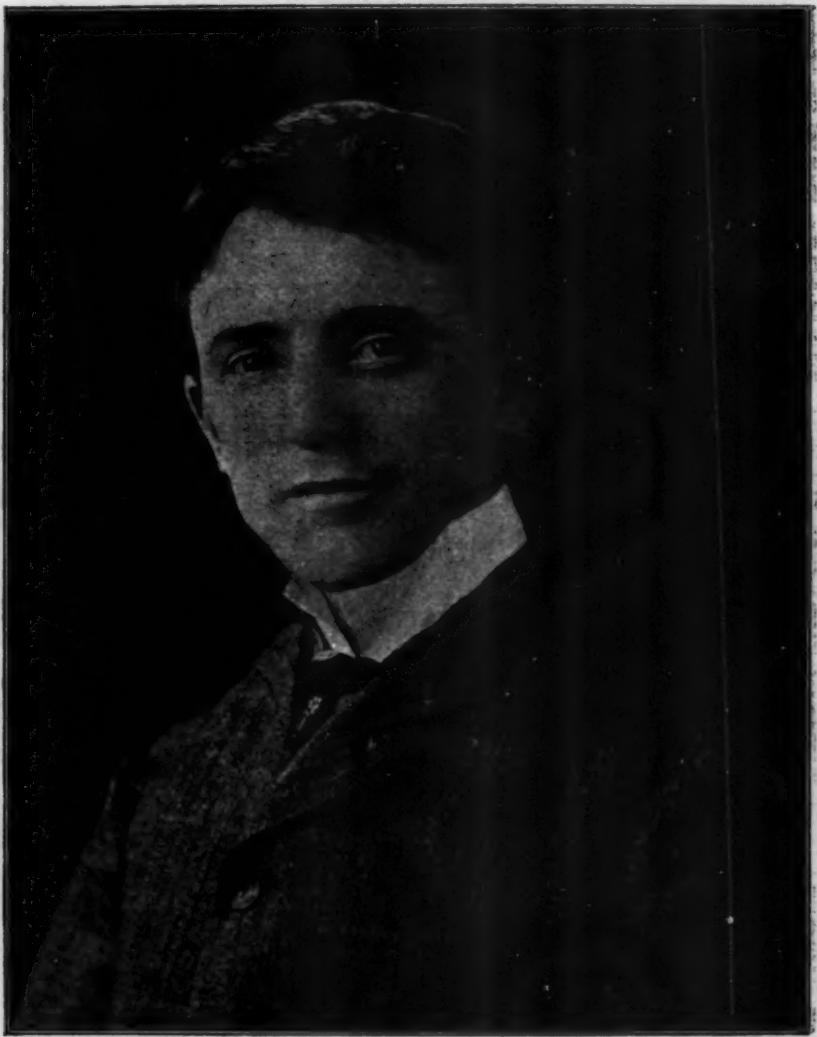
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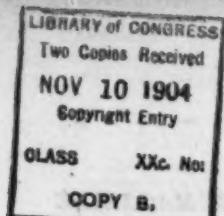


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ALFRED M. BARRETT
Of The National Bank of Commerce, New York



THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII.

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NO. II.

THE COMING YEAR

THE following address was delivered at the banquet of the Second National Convention of the American Institute of Bank Clerks, at St. Louis, August 27, by Chairman-elect Alfred M. Barrett, of the National Bank of Commerce, in New York:

The convention which has just adjourned having paid me the very high compliment of naming me chairman of the Committee on Arrangements for the annual convention, it falls to me to speak to this assemblage on the subject assigned to the chairman-elect, namely, "The Coming Year."

I have been considering whether the subject calls for prophecy or suggestion. Am I expected to foretell what will be the progress that will be made by the Institute during the next twelve months, or am I to indicate what, in my judgment, should be its policy during the year upon which we are entering?

The first would be a comparatively easy task, for the record of what has been accomplished during the four years in which the Institute has been in existence is an earnest of what it is possible to achieve in the coming years. But if,

on the other hand, I am expected to suggest a line of policy for the Institute for the next twelve months, I might well pause, take counsel of my own sense of what is becoming, as to whether it is possible to plan out anything in the line of improvement on the past. For just here is the essence of the difficulty—that the past has been so successful, and the Institute's line of work has been so well planned, and so efficiently carried out, that it were well to hesitate before even suggesting a change.

A philosopher has noted in some random reflections on the paucity of the human intellect in original thoughts, that a generation may give birth to one thinking man in a race, or nation, and that that man may in the course of a life-time put forward one or two ideas that are really original and of value to his people or his day and generation. And it is only by this slow process that in the treasury of human thought are accumulated the stores of ideas upon which we of this generation and those of coming generations are and will be enabled to draw so freely.

As the crystal grows by slow accre-

tions from the medium in which it lies, so does an idea once deemed worthy of place in the minds of mankind, grow by steady accumulation from the intellectual atmosphere; until in course of time it would be a matter of exceeding great difficulty to trace its origin.

So it has been with the idea which gave birth to this Institute. In whose mind it was conceived, what shape the original thought possessed, cannot now be told, but that it was a brilliant thought and its author an intellectual genius, we can well credit, for the idea took instant place in the field of effort, and grew and developed into a force powerful for good, as we all believe.

I do not know of any organization that has met with as immediate public approval as has the American Institute of Bank Clerks. It was established for the purpose of meeting a want that had long been felt, and its success has shown how well-considered were the plans of its projectors.

It has firmly established itself in all of our great financial centres. It has drawn to it the best elements among the bank clerks, and it has met with the appreciative encouragement of bank officials almost everywhere.

There is not a large city in the United States that has not its chapter or chapters of the Institute, and there is probably not a thinking bank clerk anywhere who would not, if he could, be glad to avail himself of its advantages.

Aside from its success as an organization, the individual successes of its members have been many. For a bank clerk to become an earnest, active member of the Institute, is to place himself in the

line of promotion, for bank officers are quick to recognize the fact that the best clerks are those who are seeking self-improvement, and a better knowledge of their duties, and to whom can this test be applied with surer results than to the young man who gives up a good part of his spare time to Institute work?

One cannot be an active member of the Institute, or take part in the work of its chapters without learning what is essential to the faithful and intelligent performance of his duties. The constant attritions of the minds of the young men in the chapter brightens them; the subjects that are discussed at every meeting, give them ideas to study over regarding their work, and the lectures and papers they read teach them the fundamental principles of their bank work, so that they become ready to apply their knowledge in the active practice at their desks.

What better training than this can a young and ambitious bank clerk have? Where will he find a better school? Under what auspices can he better study the actual daily duties of his profession?

For banking is a profession and the bank clerk who has given two or three years to the study of the requirements of his daily work in the school of the American Institute of Bank Clerks, is fitted to receive a degree entitling him to be called learned in that branch of the world's work.

The time has gone by for the haphazard method of training a bank clerk, which formerly prevailed. At least this much can be said for our larger financial centres. The interests involved in the management of a large bank have come

so great of such magnitude that the details cannot be entrusted to untrained, uneducated men.

Banking, at least in this country, is not in the hands of families doing business at the old stand during several generations, nor is it the function of a semi-political institution. In this country of ours it is the hardest-headed, shrewdest, most active men of a community, controlling the largest aggregations of capital, who are in the business of gathering in the tiny rivulets and streamlets of capital, combining them, and turning them in channels through which they feed the industries and supply the life-giving financial blood of our great enterprises.

As barter gave place to the use of metallic and paper money, so metal and paper representatives of stored metal have in turn given place to checks, and other evidences of credit whose acceptance at face value by a bank alone gives them currency, and new generations of bank men deal with these titanic forces in a way that would have driven insane an older generation.

"New occasions breeds new duties," and new requirements of the newer forms of industrial and transportation enterprises tax the ingenuity of the present generation of financial men. The two great forces of competition and co-operation, helping in one way or another toward progress, find adequate expression in the energies that direct our banking enterprises.

But, I take it, you are all at one with me in this judgment of the value of the chapter work to our young men. I would direct your attention, however,

to one feature of Institute work in which it occurs to me we are somewhat lacking, and that is our ability under present methods to reach the young men in the country banks—the many hundreds of bright, ambitious young fellows who are practically isolated from others in their line of business, who are not numerous enough in any neighborhood to form chapters. To these I would wish to bring some of our Institute advantages. It is from them that will come in the future as in the past the men who will go to the front in our city financial affairs. Hence the necessity of placing our own advantages within their reach.

I trust some way will be found to reach them—by the development of some method of correspondence teaching, by making them members of reading classes to whom the Institute could mail lectures and papers in regular courses, or by giving them non-resident membership in the chapter in their nearest city. Some way to do this should be found, and in speaking on the subject of the coming year, I can think of nothing better than to offer this as a suggestion for the consideration of the chapters in the interval between this and the next convention.

In conclusion, gentlemen, let me thank you for your attention to-night. It will be a source of great satisfaction to me if, taking to heart what I have said of Institute work, every one of you will bend his efforts during the coming year to making his chapter the most successful of all the chapters. Generous rivalry of this sort we cannot have too much of, and in the success of individual chapters lies the success of the Institute, for which we are all laboring.

The Effecting Story of Laco Ray and Miss Clusy Davis

AMONG the many interesting facts gleaned from the storehouse of Afro-American literature, facts which form the deep heart-histories outlive the most extravagant romance, may be found in evidence in largest measure, that truth is, indeed, stranger than fiction. In a small book published at Providence, Rhode Island in 1845, by the Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society, entitled "Liberty Chimes," may be found the following contributed by Miss Frances Green. A gentleman visiting for some weeks at Dawn, Upper Canada, learned of the story and induced Mr. Ray, the hero, to tell it, while he wrote out the narration, of course substituting, in many instances, his own language as being more certain as a vehicle to express the incidents and fine points of the story. In describing Laco, he says, "He was, I think, as fine a specimen of the physical man as I ever knew. Tall, muscular and every way well proportioned, he had the large expansion of chest and shoulders that are seen in the best representations of Hercules. He was quite black, the skin soft and glossy; but the features had none of the revolting characteristics which are supposed by some to be inseparable from the African visage. On the contrary, they were remarkably fine, nose aquiline, the mouth even handsome, the forehead singularly high and broad. Superadded to this was a noble intellect, with

a power of language and expression which under happier circumstances, might have produced the poet, or the orator, and which under every circumstance rose at times to the loftiest eloquence. Although he had been in Dawn only about two years, he had yet acquired no small degree of influence among his people, and both for integrity and ability he was highly esteemed. But notwithstanding all this I observed that a deep shadow seemed to rest upon his heart and I was convinced that some very painful circumstance connected with his life in slavery hung as a pall above him, darkening the sunshine, and making bitter the free air he breathed. I determined to learn his history from his own mouth the first opportunity that presented itself. Fortune soon favored my wishes.

I had been walking through the fields of various acquaintances, when about 9 o'clock I leaned over the rude fence that enclosed the field where Laco was at work. He was at the lower end of the lot; and I stood listening to the native melodies that resounded on every side. There was in this music a fullness of joy that spoke at once of the consciousness and the love of freedom; yet not unmixed with the occasional notes of the sweetest and deepest pathos, that whispered of friends left far behind, yet groping darkly in the land of bondage;

or, may be, it uttered the sadness which belonged to memory, or pictured forth shadows which the long brooding wing of slavery yet left resting on the free soil. It was inexpressibly touching, and I could not listen to it without tears. As Laco drew near I saw that he was unusually sad and disinclined to talk, and after passing the compliments of the morning, he dropped his eyes to the ground. I waited, deliberating within myself how I should best enter upon the subject, until he advanced and stood opposite to me. "Well, Laco," I said, extending my hand, as he was about to commence further work, "This is a fine morning, but you are not quite in the spirit of it. You seem unhappy. Has anything happened to distress you?" "No, Massa, no, nothing happen to Laco now, nothing now ever happen to him," he replied turning upon me a look of unutterable sadness. "Why do you say that, Laco? You surely are happy now you are free; and you cannot be insensible to the beauty of this lovely morniug! The free sunlight is shining abroad. The birds are singing. The neighbors are singing. They are happy—all are happy. Why should not Laco sing and be happy too?"

"Massa very good; but he never make darkness; he never made the dead live again. It's no use talking, massa. Laco better go on with his work. Talking never helped him;" and he turned away as if resolved to say no more.

"Excuse me, Laco," I urged as I sprang over the fence and stood besidehim, "I am your friend, speak freely, as to a friend, a brother, and the confidence may relieve you. I see your story is a sad one."

"Ah, Massa, so slave story always be. But come to the cabin, Massa, and Laco will tell you what only he has whispered to the great ear of night, when God and angels alone are waking." He threw down his hoe in the furrow and sprang over the fence at a single bound. I followed him, and with a few more steps we stood in the log cabin where he spent the holiday hours of rest. A draught of cool milk and water refreshed us, and seating himself on the ground near the rude bench he had offered me, after a pause of some minutes of profound emotion, he thus related his simple but heart-thriiling story.

Laco's Story.

I was raised on the plantation of J. C.—and perhaps few slaves had a kinder Master. At the age of twenty-two I married Clusy Davis, a girl of twenty. She was white. At least no one would suspect that she had any African blood in her veins. Some had said that the only trace of it was in her eyes; and they were large, and soft, and brilliant, although very black. I believe no one ever knew Clusy without loving her—she was so sweet, and kind and gentle—no one ever saw her without admiring her beauty—which I may say now I never saw the like of in the fairest lady that ever gladdened the heart of the free man; for it is two years this day since I laid her in her lonely grave away out there in Maryland; and nothing but her sweet soul is left.

He bowed himself to the ground; and I knew by the convulsive heavings of his crouching form that he wept bitterly—the unwonted indulgence ap-

peared to relieve him. He arose, went out a few moments, and when he returned to his seat all trace of tears had been carefully washed away, and he resumed his narrative.

"I had long been tenderly attached to Clusy. We had loved even from childhood; and for about three months after marriage we were as happy as the birds. Until that time I had thought little, though I had seen much, of the evils of slavery; for I had begun to love so early, and this so entirely took up my attention that I had little time to dwell on the sorrows of my less fortunate companions. I had won the favor and confidence of my master and mistress. I always had enough to eat and drink and I was well clothed. Upon my marriage I was promoted from the post of errand boy, or runner of the plantation to that of coachman, and as Clusy was the personal attendant of her mistress this arrangement added much to our happiness, as we generally traveled together. Both parties were mutually pleased with our relation, and for the time all went on happily. Clusy was a great favorite with her mistress—they had, indeed, been raised together, and were more like sisters than mistress and slave. Our master and mistress were married about a year before we were, and they already had a fine little boy, of which the young parents were very fond. Our courtship had advanced together. Year in and year out we went together to the neighboring plantation of Col. Davis. We shared each other's secrets. All our little love quarrels, all our hopes, and all our fears were freely communicated; and in the warmth and confi-

dence of mutual friendship, and mutual love, we at times forgot we were master and slave—we forgot that there was a gulf that lay between us wide and deep as that which separates chattels from men. Clusy and I were very happy. All our wants were supplied. We were contented in the present, and without a care for the future. We considered ourselves the most favored of mortals. But how blind was our satisfaction! We soon found that we stood in a false position. What is true can never come out of falsehood—what is right can never come out of wrong. I have known slavery in its best form, but there is no good in it.

"At length I noticed that Clusy was getting pale, and I often found her in tears. I asked her the cause—I urged her to tell me; but she would dry them instantly and say she was not well, or that she was so lonesome she could not help crying when I was gone. I saw that this was mere pretense, and sought in vain for the truth that lay under it; and when at last she could no longer hide from me the fact of her unhappiness, she resolutely refused to tell me the cause. I could find no relief to my anxiety. Strange indistinct visions haunted my bed at night, and my work by day. A new feeling of insecurity came upon me. I felt afraid of I knew not what. A dreamy consciousness of my false position began to present itself, and a vague sense of the horrors of slavery began to oppress me. When I slept it lay upon my breast like a nightmare; and when I woke it stared at me with eyes of a fiend, making hideous faces in the dark. It followed

me everywhere. It looked out from the corners of the road. It mounted the carriage box and sat beside me. This spirit of unrest haunted me forever—a strange intimation of the approach of some unknown evil. It seemed to me that spirits were certainly whispering words of warning; and though I did not understand their meaning, I felt their power. In this manner three months more wore heavily away, Clusy all the time getting paler, weaker and more silent, until at length she trembled as I approached her; and any act of tenderness on my part seemed to terrify her, so that I began to lose all pleasure in her society, and at length seldom visited her.

One holiday, it was the fourth of July, I had resolved to go on a carouse with my fellow slaves and drown my troubles in whiskey. My master was even more complacent than usual, and gave me a generous allowance of money. He warmly encouraged my going, as masters always do, because whatever sinks the man secures the slave; and it seems he had another reason for wishing me absent. I had already left the plantation and set out to join my companions at a small ale house about half a mile further, when my purpose was arrested in a very singular manner. While loitering through the meadows, whistling, not so much for want of thought as to drown thought, I came accidentally to a magnolia tree, where I first met Clusy, when we both were children. I threw myself into the refreshing shadow, when the times past and long forgotten seemed to rise before me. Here we had often

played together in childhood; and when she came to the great house, to this tree I always accompanied her, and here we always parted. Here, too, she often came to meet me in the long starry evenings, after our work was done. Here she first promised to be mine; and here, too, my mother blessed us, but a few days before her death; and I remember well the hot tears that fell upon my hand, as it was clasped between the bony and shriveled ones of my mother. I thought, then, that she wept because she was going to die; but I know now it was a deeper sorrow that shook her so fearfully. Here, too, beneath this very tree we sat, hand locked in hand, on the eve of our marriage; and here the minister blessed us and called us one. All these things became present with me. I lived again in the past, and my spirit returned to its former peace. I abandoned my design for a frolic. I thought only of Clusy; for Love and Faith once more blossomed in my heart, and I hastened to reach the path that led to the pretty cottage that her loving mistress had built for her. I ran—I flew along its windings—and, almost breathless I reached the viny shadow of her porch. I would clasp her to my heart, which was throbbing with but one great pulse for her—for her alone, my love, my wife. I would assure her of my love, I would make amends for all my former coldness. I was nearly insane with the violence of my feelings. Oh, God! What did I see! My master rushed from the cottage as I drew near, his face flushed, his eyes terribly bright. As if by the help of a flash of lightning, I saw the truth—too

horrible it is to speak of! I had never been jealous of Clusy. Why had I not? She was beautiful. She was in her master's power. She was in the power of every white man that chose to possess her. She was no longer mine, she was not my wife. And the babe that slept under her bosom—that, too. A thousand devils seemed to possess me. I rushed into the house. She lay there on her couch pale and almost lifeless. I know not what I did. I know not how long a time had passed. I only remember that Clusy lay stretched upon the floor, and the hot blood that gushed from her mouth and nostrils was wetting my feet, and stood in puddles upon the ground. A horrible thought that I had murdered her took possession of me. I lifted her up and bore her to a neighboring spring. I bathed her head—her hands. I drenched her with cold water. For minutes that seemed hours, years, ages, I watched to see whether she would live or die. At length, slowly and faintly, she opened her eyes; and the horrid guilt of murder, like a great weight, was lifted from my soul. I wept, I prayed, I covered her hands, her arms, her very feet with kisses. I blessed her with blessings that seemed wrought out of my heart's blood.

She appeared very weak—too weak to utter a single sound though she often strove to do so; but she feebly pressed my hand; and when she turned those large eyes, loving truthful eyes upon me, looking into my very soul, I knew that she was guiltless.

Whatever others might have done, she had done no wrong. At length I became completely exhausted. I sank

down beside her, weak and helpless as a child; and, side by side, with cheek resting against cheek, we slept together. Clusy was the first to wake, "Laco," she whispered, "rise, I pray you! Massa will be very angry if we are seen here together."

"Why, what do you mean?" I cried, starting up in alarm; "you are my wife, my own wife! Did not Massa Minister himself say, 'what God hath joined together let not man put asunder.' I cannot leave you, for you are ill."

"O, you must; I shall die soon Laco, very soon, and then you will have no more trouble; your baby will never see the light. It is yours," she added in a hollow whisper, "and I have kept it pure for your sake. I believe I must tell you now, Laco; I thought I never should, but I believe I must. I shall never get another chance. Let us go to the woods; I dare not speak here." She attempted to rise, but she fell back quite exhausted. "Can you carry me?" she whispered faintly. I took her in my arms and bore her to the wood. She was light, so light and thin, it seemed like carrying a shadow. "Clusy," I cried, in agony, "how much you must have suffered! and why, why could I not have known it?" "I will tell you," she answered, "but hush and be quick." I piled together a heap of fresh leaves and laid her gently down. "Sit down by me now, Laco, and turn your eyes away, for you must not look at me while I am talking."

Oh, I wish some fine ladies who think the slave woman has no virtue, no delicacy, no sense of even decency, could have seen with what a sweet and shrinking modesty she told the revolting tale;

and when it was finished how she hid her head in my bosom and wept so pitifully. It was a common story, I have since found. Her master enamored of her beauty, had sought in vain to win her favor, at first by entreaty, by presents, by flattery; then by violence and most abusive treatment. "And why did you not tell me this before, Clusy?" I asked.

"O," said she, looking up in my face, and at the same time clinging to me with a convulsive shudder, "He said he would kill me if I ever told; and Massa very strong, Massa very cunning, Massa very rich. What could poor slave do? I never should dare to tell you now, only Lord Jesus Christ came to me last night, in my dreams and say I must. He say poor slave woman come to Him presently. There is no selling—there is no buying where the Lord Jesus is; there is no flogging to make poor woman wicked, and surrender her virtue."

"He surely has not dared to flog you, Clusy!" I interrupted.

"Look here," she answered with a shudder, "see if Clusy tell truth, or no." She drew aside from her back the one loose garment, and—O, my God! that soft white skin was cut up and crossed and seamed in all directions; and there were deep ridges, and running sores. And all this she had borne without complaint for my sake—for the love of virtue—for the inborn love of purity—O, God it was hard to look upon and think I had no power to help her.

He paused, unable for some time to speak further. He shook from head to foot, and bitter groans burst from his

heaving bosom. At length he grew calm and continued:

"We resolved to apply for advice to the minister who had married us. He was a Presbyterian. Mr. and Mrs. C—were members of his church. Clusy and I, also, were baptized members of his flock. I bore my wife to the cottage and laid her on the couch, and having summoned an old woman to attend her, and to inform her mistress that she was ill, I went in pursuit of the minister. I had the good fortune to find him. I told him my story in words that seemed to burn me as I uttered them. And what do you think he said? He said there was no help—that I must submit! Think of that, Christians; a minister of the gospel, in high standing, deliberately instructs one of his members of his church to sin, that another member might be accommodated in sin! Think of that husbands—ye who have beds you can call your own! Ye who have honor to lose. I must submit to see my wife polluted! I must submit to see her scourged, because she would not yield herself willingly! And she must submit! Think of that wives! Think of it, all ye modest, virtuous women who have husbands, brothers, and friends, and the laws, to wall around you, and protect your purity, so that the shadow of the evil may not approach you—a gentle and lovely, and delicate woman; ay, and as modest and virtuous as any of you—although she had been taught only by her own pure and loving nature—although she was shielded only by the majesty of innocence—she who had borne repeated stripes and bitter sorrow, rather than pollution—she was told

by the minister, her spiritual guide and pattern; that she must commit a dawning sin—that she must have no conscience of her own, that her master was answerable for her offences! She was told this by the very man who placed on her brow the seal of baptism—who had mocked her with the rite of marriage! Think of this, all ye virtuous—all ye pious women of the land; and if your virtue, your piety are not a mere sham—are not a damning lie—give speedy help to the thousands of women, all of whom are your sisters in the bonds of humanity; many of them your sisters in the bonds of Christianity, who are daily prostituted on the altar of slavery! while the black-hearted, lying priests lift up their bloody hands in consecration of the rite.

Is it strange that I hate religion, that I hate the very form of man? For I came to believe a devil incarnate had taken possession of it! I dreaded to communicate this intelligence to Clusy; but she was prepared. When I told her all, a superhuman strength seemed to possess her. The poor, weak and ignorant, and almost dying woman was changed at once into the form of a seraph.

"Her eyes shone with terrible brightness, as she rose up and sat erect upon her couch, her long black silken hair streaming, with a contrast almost terrific over her pale features. Her eyes were raised toward heaven, and for some minutes she seemed conversing with the spirits that dwell there. At length she turned her eyes upon me, with a dignity and majesty I cannot describe, although it astonished and terrified me;

for I thought I had seen a spirit.

"Then he is a liar," she said, "and the Lord Jesus Christ never sent him. He came from hell and he will return to hell again. But the innocent will triumph! God never will forsake His children!"

A radiance not of earth overspread her features. She sank gently down upon her couch, as if the hands of angels had supported her. I could almost feel the breath from their fanning plumes, for I knew they were watching her, when she slept so sweetly, a lamb among prowling wolves. Yet in her simple faith she rested securely; for God kept her.

"I will not and I need not recount all the disgusting steps in this affair. Clusy and I were happier than we had been, since we had no secrets from each other. In the deepest trouble we could kneel down and pray together, and we were not left entirely without comfort, bitter and heavy as the yoke of bondage was. For God drew near into our souls in the day of trouble, and our good mistress, to whom the whole affair became known, not only felt for, but shared our sorrow.

I should have told you that on the Sabbath following the Fourth of July alluded to, the Reverend Mr. Lovegold broke the bread of life and administered the communion. The seducer, the adulterer, the ten-fold murderer was there, and partook of the holy feast; not only unrebuked, but with the smiling approbation of his kind pastor. Our master, finding that I had become apprised of his conduct, threw off all disguise, and openly declared that after the birth of her

child, Clusy should be his exclusively ; threatening that if I made the least opposition to sell me into Louisiana. To the birth of our child, that event so pleasing to most parents, we looked forward to with the most agonizing fears. How we were sustained I know not ; but it really seemed as if an angel had entered into the heart of my wife ; for what else could have supported her ? From day to day she bore punishments which I cannot repeat, which I dare not even think of, with a heroic gentleness which was nerved to suffer all things, but yield nothing. She endured with the spirit of a lamb, but resisted with the heart of a lion. It was early in the month of September, that Mr. C.—, in attempting to extort a promise from Clusy to favor his wishes, became so exasperated at her refusal, that he ordered the overseer to bestow forty lashes on her back, which had never been permitted to heal. She in vain pleaded that fright and agitation had made her very ill, that she could not even stand. She was bound to the stake, and while cruel and vulgar men mocked her agony, there our babe was born ! Had I been there, all the devils in hell could not have kept me from defending her. But I had been purposely sent at some distance from home, and on my return I found the wretched mother scarcely alive and the dead child lying beside her.

"O, bless and praise God !" were the first faint words she uttered, "that He has taken our babe, before she knew what it was to be a slave woman." Think of this ye wives, whose maternal anguish is alleviated by all that love, friendship and art, and science can do !

Think if you would see your own daughters suffer the like ; and inasmuch as ye would not, strive to redeem these, also, from the bitter degradation—the cruel suffering.

Although extremely weak I found my wife perfectly sane. Her kind mistress had done everything that then could be done, to promote her safety and comfort. When I arrived she was holding a pale hand of the sufferer between both of hers, and bathing it with tears. She loved poor Clusy with a sister's love, but she could do nothing to save her.

Three weeks from that night I escaped with my wife, for her master had begun to renew his base proposals. I asked her if she dared to undertake the journey in her then weak state. I told her of the blood-hounds, of the rifle shots, of the nameless tortures that would await us if retaken ; for Clusy had been kindly dealt with almost all of her life and knew very little of slavery.

"I can die," she replied. "I am ready and willing, and I must die soon ; but I cannot live here."

That answer determined me. I bore her in my arms that night to the heart of a thick swamp ; and on the cold, wet earth we rested together. There was no terror in the numerous serpents, nor the reptiles that crept around us. They were not so cold, or so venomous as the heart of the slave-holder. We seldom stirred abroad by day but at night we crept from our hiding place, found the North Star, and resumed our journey. When she was overcome with fatigue, which often happened, I carried her in my arms ; and I really began to hope that the prospects of liberty would be the

elixir of life, and completely restore her, but I found that there was no medicine for a broken heart. True, she seemed at times, much stronger—her eyes grew brighter every day; and her fair check was tinged with a deep spot of red; but when we had reached the northern boundary of Maryland, she could go no further.

"Lay me down," she whispered, "it is useless to strive on. I have panted for freedom. I have struggled hard for it, but I can struggle no longer. Pile me a bed of leaves and sit down by me, for I feel that I am dying. There, let the north wind blow upon my check for it is the breath of the free; and let me look once upon the bright star we have followed so long. It has been our only friend. Do you think it will shine in heaven, Laco? Ah, now I hear angels singing songs of freedom! I shall never suffer any more; I have no pain, no sorrow. God will send you a good spirit to lead you, my husband, into the land of liberty! O, God, pity and forgive poor massa! Oh, Lord, bless dear missis! Is there a cloud upon the moon? It is dark, so dark. Ah, now a bright light is springing up within me; and through it I see heaven! Never mourn for poor Clusy, she is free! free!" She murmured a few indistinct words of praise and prayer then her lips were still; and I saw without a struggle the free soul had departed.

In the deep loneliness of a widowed heart I sat by her till morning, and then by the help of a small flat stone, but mostly with my hands alone I hollowed out a grave in the sandy earth. There I buried her. There I sat all day so ab-

sorbed in my sorrow that I knew nothing of the flight of time, until it was dark again. The melancholy owl came out and mourned with me. It seemed then as if I had companionship; as if an intelligent being had spoken to me; and for the first time gave utterance to my grief aloud. At length a whip-poor-will came and sat upon the new grave, and sang her plaintive song. I thought the pure spirit spoke to me in the voice of that gentle bird; and then the angel of peace dropped his wings upon my weary soul and I slept.

I left her there sleeping in the lonely woods of Maryland, but I brought with me a shadow, which no earthly sun can chase away.

"Tell my story, publish it abroad," I murmured, as I rose from the ground, for if any woman can hear it without a wish to abolish the slavery of women, she is not pure.

[The above story is only one out of hundreds that could be told if the heart histories of the South were disclosed. It exhibits not only what the slaves suffered in their domestic relations, but also the deep sorrow that was the heritage of the mistress of the Great House, whose heart-strings were lacerated by the fact that her husband relegated her to a secondary position, whilst bestowing his attentions on the slave women set up as her rival. The thinking women of the South were emancipationists at heart, though local influences compelled them to conceal their real sentiments.

The growth of the mixed blood element in the South to-day, attest the

wide-spread social equality existing and growing each year. It is an indisputable fact that thousands of white men in the South prefer the mulatto women, and while they would deny it in theory, they confirm the truth of the assertion in fact, as may be readily confirmed by a visit to any of the Southern cities, and the question at once arises, which is the stronger as evidence of close relation-

ship, sexual equality or social?

The local laws, unconstitutional they may be and doubtless are, foster the very condition they are supposed to discourage, since they relieve the white men of every sense of responsibility to support their offspring by colored mothers which they would be compelled to do, if the mothers were white.]

DANIEL MURRAY.

O, WORLD OF GREED

By LUDLOW E. WERNER.

O, World of Greed and Gold,
What do I care for all thy wealth untold,
Thy treasures rare? One gift I covet still,
All gifts above take from me what you will,
But leave me Love.



How Electricity is Taught at Tuskegee

By CHARLES W. PIERCE, B. S., Instructor of Electrical Engineering.

By Permission of THE TECHNICAL WORLD.

THE course in Electrical Engineering at Tuskegee Institute was started in 1898, when an electric plant was installed in order to meet the need of the school in the lighting of the dormitories and other buildings, class rooms, and grounds.

There was great danger of fire when oil lamps were used, on account of the carelessness of students in handling the lamps, so that the Electrical Engineering Department was a necessity. After it was decided to have an electric plant, and the dynamo had arrived, a small number of students were permitted to work with the electrician in charge, in order to assist him and also learn Electrical Engineering. These students were first taught house wiring because none of the buildings had been wired. The simplest form of wiring—consisting of cleat and moulding wiring—was adopted, and the instructor employed these students to assist in running the plant at night.

The first dynamo used by the school was a 50-K. W. monocyclic alternator furnishing 43 amperes at 1,040 volts. This style of dynamo was chosen because the buildings to be lighted are scattered over a large area of ground, and this type of machine is adaptable to the use of motors.

A course of study covering three years

was thought sufficient to teach the student the elements of Electrical Engineering, and to make first-class electricians out of them.

After the completion of this course of study a certificate is granted to the student, which states that he has completed the course in Electrical Engineering of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute. The school does not give any degree, but the certificate indicates that the bearer is a first-class electrician.

The electrical equipment of the Institute consists of a 50-K. W. monocyclic alternator, with exciter and switchboard; a 7-K. W. Brush arc-dynamo exciter; annunciator systems; watchman's time clock; electric storage battery; various primary batteries; galvanometers; voltmeters; ammeters; wattmeters; enclose arc lamps; and a telephone exchange.

The Electrical Engineering Department has proved quite attractive to students from foreign countries as well as from the other states of the United States. In this department are enrolled students from Haiti, Jamaica, Porto Rico, Cuba, and from the states of Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Tennessee, Kansas, Texas, Indiana, Illinois, Montana, and the District of Columbia.

It will probably be interesting to know how the students first heard of

Tuskegee; what they are able to do in their work; and what they intend doing after leaving the Institute. We quote from letters recently received, which cover these points more or less fully. The first letter is from a young man in Haiti, who writes as follows:

Rockefeller Hall

Boys' Bathroom

Olivia Davidson Hall Porter Hall

Science Hall



Teachers' Cottages.
A PORTION OF THE CAMPUS OF TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE.

"Electrical Engineering is one of the branches of scientific knowledge least in vogue in Haiti. There exist the telephone, the telegraph, and some small

"I can install electric bells and annunciators, trim arc lamps, wire buildings, and assist in running the dynamo. When I leave Tuskegee I shall attend some other school to pursue my studies still further, and shall then return to Port-au-Prince, Haiti, my home, for work at my trade."

This young man from the West Indian island could speak only French last September, but now he can speak English quite fluently.

Another young man writes:

"I came to Tuskegee September 9, 1902. Hearing of the advantages which Tuskegee offered for one wishing to become an Electrical Engineer, I decided to go and avail myself of the oppor-



HUNTINGTON HALL—A GIRLS' DORMITORY.
THE GIFT OF MRS. C. P. HUNTINGTON.



CHARLES W. PIERCE.

tunities. I can wire buildings, run direct and alternating current dynamos, trim arc lamps, and repair telephones. After leaving I intend to attend some other school, and then follow my trade either as a station manager or electrical contractor."

All students that enter the division are required to take studies in the

Academic Department, exception being made in the case of post-graduates; and they must complete a certain requirement in academic studies before they can receive a certificate from the division. The Academic Department has two distinct schools—the day and night schools.

When a student enrolls in the day school, he spends one-half of his time in the Academic Department, and the other half in the Industrial Department. When he enrolls in the night school he spends all day working at his trade, and his evenings in academic studies.

When a student enters the school and desires to learn a trade but is unable to pay his tuition, he may enter the night school. He receives small wages for the work that he does, and very soon establishes a credit in the School Treasury. When his credit is sufficient to pay his necessary tuition and expenses, he enters



Phelps Hall

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CAMPUS.



STUDENTS AT WORK.

Moving the 150-K. W. alternator into dynamo room. Instructor with star on coat at right.

the day school, in which students advance much faster in their academic studies but not so fast in industrial work.

A great deal of stress is laid upon the quality of work the student does in the division, from the fact that the work is real work and must serve the purpose for which it is performed. This may be illustrated from the installation of an electrical plant. From the time the dynamo arrives on the ground, it is a part of the Electrical Division; and the installation, running, and all repairs

must be done by the students working in the division.

When the present plant was installed, a pole line had to be constructed. The Instructor took his students to the woods and had them fell the trees. He then required them to prepare the poles for the line, make the cross-arms, and erect the electric line. The students were in this way taught line construction.

The transformer station was next installed, and the distributing lines laid out. The station was provided with all

necessary appliances, such as primary cut-out boxes and fuses, lightning arresters, and secondary knife switches. The three-wire system from the transformers was used, on account of the distance of the buildings from the transformer station.

Special care and instruction are given to see that the students wire the buildings according to the latest rules of the National Board of Fire Underwriters.

New buildings are being constructed from time to time, and in these buildings the latest methods of wiring are adopted. The students have done cleat, moulding, brass-armored-conduit, flexible-metallic-conduit, and iron-armored-conduit wiring—a variety of forms of wiring being selected in order to familiarize the student with the different methods.

There are at present thirty-four buildings lighted by electricity, with a total of 1,717 lights. The division supplies lights to several places off the school grounds, among these being the residence of the late Col. Charles Thompson, Congressman from this district, the Tuskegee railroad station, and a church. The residence of Colonel Thompson is situated two miles from the electric plant. There are 34,000 feet of primary line, 22,000 feet of secondary line, and 8,000 feet of street-light wiring used. Until recently the street lighting was done with 32-candle power incandescent lamps connected to the secondary lines wherever convenient; but, on account of the overload on the dynamo used for lighting the buildings, and also because the lights were lighted on the streets when not needed, these lamps were taken off the secondary line and

connected to the Brush arc dynamo.

A course in Telephony was made possible on account of the school's need of quick communication from building to building and between the offices. A 25-subscriber exchange was therefore installed, and this branch of Electrical Engineering was added to the division, which gives the student experience in telephone work. The exchange was installed and managed by the school until recently, when the Southern Bell Company contracted with the school to furnish it long distance connection and with the company's switchboard.

The school had the first colored "hello girl" (to the writer's knowledge) in the world.

The laboratory methods are discussed and verified in the theory classes, and are finally made use of and pointed out in the work that the student does. While the student is at work he is encouraged to ask questions about the work; and he is questioned in turn, to make sure that he does understand all the operations that take place in the work. In this way the division is endeavoring to raise the workman above that of the plain, practical man by giving him a theoretical knowledge of his work.

The following will illustrate how this is being accomplished:

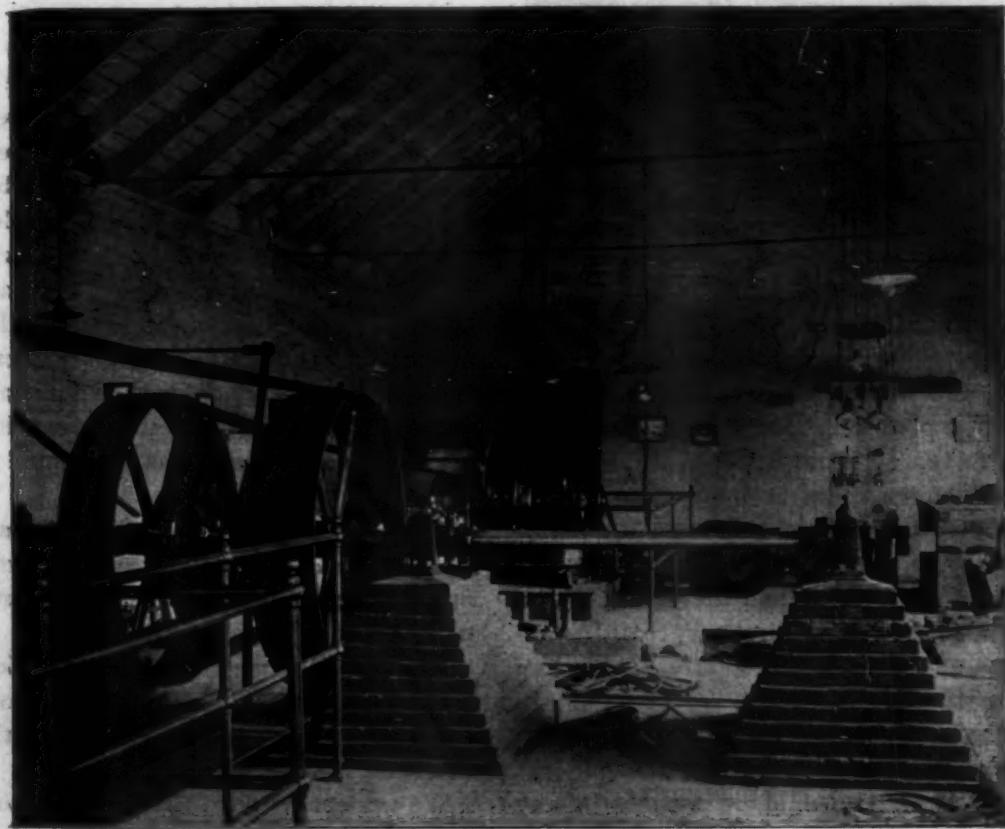
We are at present building a 100-light direct-current dynamo to furnish current at 110 volts. In the theory classes, the design of the machine, the drawings, and the calculations are made. The drawings then go to the patternmaker, who gets out the patterns; and these to the foundry, where the castings are

made; the latter then go to the machine shop, where the necessary machine work is done; and finally, the parts are taken back to the Electrical Division, where the machine is assembled. During each operation the student follows the machine, and in the end sees a finished machine designed by himself and finally operated by himself.

The Electrical Division grows with the school. The present plant has become too small to light all the buildings; and at present another monyclic alternator of 150-K. W. capacity is being installed.

This new alternator is to work in parallel with the present one when needed, and will supply all the buildings with electric lights.

Although the alternating-current system is being used, there is a difficulty in teaching this system to the students, as many are in the lower academic classes. The students that enter the Electrical Division are not classified as they are in their academic work; and it often happens that a student in the lower academic classes takes theory class-work with the student of higher academic standing. The



VIEW OF DYNAMO ROOM.

Showing switchboard, 50-K. W. alternator, and foundation for 150-K. W. alternator.

problem them arises as to the best methods of teaching these two groups of students in order that their advancement shall be equal.

The electric plant is run by the advanced students in the division, with the less experienced as helpers.

The duties assigned at the plant are those of chief electrician, first assistant electrician, second assistant electrician,



CORNER OF MECHANICAL DRAFTING ROOM.

and morning electrician. The hours of running are from sundown to 10:30 P.M., and from 4:30 A.M. to sunrise.

The plant has been operated very successfully, with no accident to anyone; neither has there been any time when a long stoppage was necessary. It must be remembered that the plant has been operated for six years, and that it is a single-unit plant. It requires very close inspection of the machinery and of the work of the students in order to keep the plant in running condition; and the students learn more from this system of inspection and criticism than would be possible by any other means.

The running expenses of the plant amount to about 4.5 cents per kilowatt-

hour, although the price of coal is \$4.00 per ton for a very poor grade of bituminous.

Although there are 1,717 lights connected to the system, rarely ever do more than 850 lights burn at a time. This is made possible by the close schedule for use of the lights. There are three distinct consumers—the dormitories, the Academic Department, and the workshops. No two of the light consumers use lights at the same time. The close supervision of the carrying out of the schedule falls to the Electrical Division, and the duties assigned to the young men of this division are to prevent a waste of electrical power.

The Academic Department is one of the largest consumers of electrical power, and when it is finally housed in its new building, it will use 600 lights. Flexible metallic conduit is now being installed in the building, and Frink reflectors will be employed in lighting it. There are three floors and a basement to this building, giving about 75 rooms for academic classes, laboratories, chapels, and a gymnasium. This is the largest building that the Electrical Division has attempted to wire.

The following antecedents will illustrate the popular conception of the Electric Engineering Department and the sentiment toward it:

It was during one of the Negro conferences which Principal Washington convokes every year at Tuskegee, that the following incidents happened:

We were at work in the dynamo room cleaning up the dynamo for an evening run, when one of the delegates was seen looking in at the door. I wished to make

him feel welcome so I stepped to the door and asked him in. He said to me that he was afraid ; and when I assured him that he would be perfectly safe, he went on to say that he had "no business fooling around the dynamite machine," because at his home three men had been "killed by the dynamite made from the dynamite machine."

Once, when we were installing a transformer in the grounds, a man wanted to know how the oil could get through the wire to the different buildings when the wire was solid.

Very often new students that enter the school come from rural districts where they never see any other light than pine knots and candles, and they are naturally quite amazed on seeing the electric lights.

A rule of the school requires all lights extinguished at 10 P. M. For several nights on one occasion a light had been noticed burning in one of the rooms ; and the officer in charge of the building was ordered to investigate and see why the light was not put out on time. When he arrived in the building he found one of the new students almost out of breath and unable to answer any questions. The student finally recovered sufficient breath to answer the question of the officer, and

explained to him the difficulty he experienced in blowing his lamp out, and said further that he had staid up half the night ever since his arrival blowing out his lamp. The real fact is that the dynamo stops at 10:30 P. M., and he thought that he had finally accomplished his task.

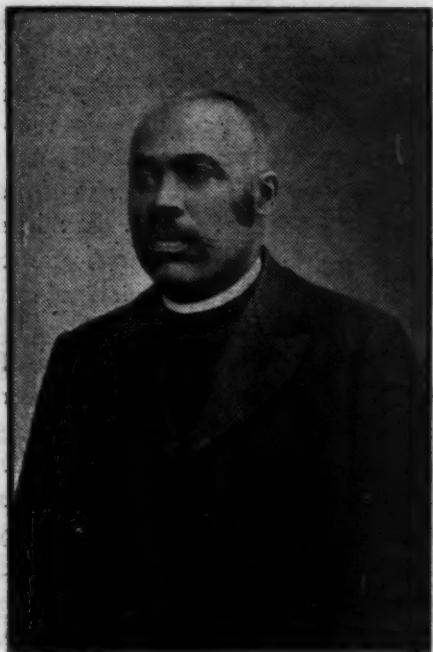
Finally, a word should be said as to what the graduates and students of the division do after leaving school. Young men of the division rarely stay to finish their course, on account of the demand for electricians such as the division turns out. Students who have not received certificates are working in Texas, Georgia, Indiana, Illinois, New York, Alabama, Kansas, and Missouri, working as electricians, linemen, dynamo-tenders, electrical repair men, and arc-light men, and in automobile stations. There is no doubt of a student receiving employment after completing the course, the only drawback being that the Institute cannot turn them out fast enough.

To sum up, we might say that at Tuskegee Institute students learn Electrical Engineering by doing Electrical Engineering work. The Engineering Division is therefore practicing the doctrine of the founder in teaching the dignity of labor and of learning to do things well.

History of Bridge Street A. M. E. Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

By W. E. H. C.

IN the year 1816 the few colored people who were members of the Sand Street Methodist Episcopal Church (white) came out and organized a Methodist Episcopal Church for colored people. They were prompted to take this



REV. M. C. BROOKS,
Pastor of Bridge St. A. M. E. Church.

course on account of the crowded condition of the Sand Street Church and because of the feeling against them on account of color. The liberation of the slaves in New York at that time had, doubtless, no little to do with influencing

the colored people in the church, to want religious as well as physical freedom. At the beginning the church was under the care of the Sand Street Church, who treated them kindly and gave them assistance. The services were held in the homes of the members and often at the houses of Peter or Benjamin Croger. In a very short time the little church heard of Richard Allen's movement in Philadelphia, who had organized and started the A. M. E. Church and they connected themselves with this movement. The first pastor was Rev. Malvine, who had charge before a location for a church had been secured. The site for the first church was purchased July 21, 1819, from Ebenezer Stevens for \$325, and was located on the north side of High Street, between Jay and Bridge Streets, now occupied by a row of brick houses, Nos. 125 to 131.



BRIDGE STREET CHURCH.

The trustees at the time the site was purchased, were: Peter Croger, Benjamin Croger, John E. Jackson, Scott Hendrickson and John Coston. A comfortable house was soon erected and paid for. The congregation was still receiving financial aid from the Sand Street Church. The High Street Church was the first colored church in Brooklyn and the nucleus from which many of the others came into existence. Among the pastors of this church were Rev. Malvine, Rev. Henry Harding, Rev. Stephen Dutton, Rev. Samuel Todd, Rev. Richard Williams, Rev. Sampson Peters, Rev. William Moore, Rev. John Spencer, Rev. John Boggs, Rev. Edmund Crosby, Rev. Charles Birch, Rev. Eli N. Hall, Rev. Isaac Scott, Rev. George Weir, Rev. Israel Patterson, Rev. Peter Gardiner, Rev. Richard Robinson, Rev. James M. Williams.

Here we have the names of eighteen pastors, all of whom are deceased. The congregation worshipped in the High Street Church thirty-five years. In 1853 or the early part of 1854 the property was sold to B. F. Cook for \$4,000 and the First Free Congregational Church (white) on Bridge Street between Myrtle Avenue and Johnson Street was bought for \$12,000 and in June, 1854, under the pastorate of Rev. James Morris Williams the congregation moved from High Street to the Bridge Street Church. The church had nearly 500

members when it first moved to Bridge Street, but on several occasions, through disagreements they divided and hundreds went out. The Fleet Street A. M. E. Church came into existence through one of these disagreements.

In the fifties Bridge Street Church was the headquarters for the Anti-Slavery Cause and the voice of the great Frederick Douglass and many of his associates was often heard within its walls, and when the freedmen of the South were coming to this city by the hundreds after the war, and were without shelter, Bridge Street Church became their home until they could make one for themselves.

This church has had twenty-two pastors. It now has a membership of 740, or a congregation of 1200. Three hundred and fifty children attend the Sunday School. The value of the property is \$70,000, including a beautiful parsonage purchased August 30, 1904. The present pastor is Rev. M. C. Brooks, D. D., who is serving his fourth year, and under his ministration the church has continued to be prosperous.

Rev. Mr. Brooks is a faithful and conscientious pastor. He is member of the Preachers' Association, believes in and works arduously for the advancement of the people and is foremost in all undertakings that have for their object the moral improvement of the members of his race.

Impressions of a Southern Federation

By JOSEPHINE T. WASHINGTON

MOBILE, city of the sea, true to her name — Mobile — changing, responsive, susceptible, like the waters of her shimmering gulf; tender, dreamy, beautiful, and smiling, she lies under semi-tropic skies.

About her numerous old fashioned mansions and the rarer structures of



JOSEPHINE T. WASHINGTON.

modern type, alike, the magnolias bloom in royal splendor and rose-vines grow in rivalry of Jack's renowned bean-stalk. Shaded by giant trees and cooled by falling waters, Bienville Square, in

the heart of the town, offers the tired wayfarer ease.

But even in this inviting spot the petty prejudices of our little life obtrude. Yonder swings are not for the dusky children of the sun. Some heart moved to sympathy with childhood's joys, when that childhood is Anglo-Saxon of race, made possible this pleasant pastime. Dark-hued little men and maids look on longingly, but dare not touch the sacred structure. Even in the lovely city of the dead something of the baneful influence follows. Will this ever—present discrimination have effect "when the general roll is called" and we all, according to promise, are "there?"

Down the silvery shell-road we wind our way to the coast, passing what was fairy Frascati, but which, in keeping with the utilitarian spirit of the times, is no longer a park but a railroad yard. Mont Rose, Point Clear, Daphne, Howards, Battle's Wharf, these and other lovely moss-hanging points beckon to us across the bay.

In the opposite direction is Spring Hill with its long row of beautiful rural residences, among them that of Augusta Evans of St. Elmo fame. Here, too, we find the Colored Orphan's and Old Folk's Home, a commodious structure with spacious and well kept grounds.

The people who planned and bought this Home for "sweet charity's sake" knew, too, how to provide handsome

houses of worship and pretty homes of their own. It is not surprising that a pastor who raised, during a stay of several years, an average of eighteen dollars per day, left behind him a church furnished with stained glass windows and pipe organ, and equal to any in the city in beauty and in convenience.

Business houses there are, owned and controlled by men of color—grocery stores, drug stores, livery stables, undertaking establishments, insurance companies, lawyers' and doctors' offices, etc., etc.

Three public schools, with as many colored principals and an able corps of assistants, together with the Emerson Institute, a Congregational school, and one or two exceptionally good private schools, engage in the pleasant task of teaching the young idea to shoot.

Yet, attractive as we found Mobile, (barring the exhibitions of race prejudice, which the denizens of the Sunny South find everywhere), the place was for the nonce eclipsed in interest by the occasion which brought us thither. This was the Sixth Annual Meeting of the State Federation of Colored Women's Clubs.

To the too-familiar individual with whom all days are either working days on which he adds to his hoarded pile or holidays for spending prodigally in personal gratification, it would have seemed an odd way to pass the "glorious Fourth." The quiet and self-contained company of women that steamed into the city's station was most unlike the usual pleasure-seekers of the season. Twenty clubs responded to the call, and thirty-five

representatives of women's organizations came from all sections of the state to this Southern port selected as the place of meeting.

A wholesome-looking set of women they were: sensible, earnest, quiet, cheerful, dignified and courteous. It is true they did not always assemble on time and they failed, in large measure, to adhere to the order of the printed program, but they evidently, came together with a fixed purpose, and when they swerved from a prearranged course it was plain that they thought by so doing the paramount object would be the better promoted. They even took off their hats in the meeting, and when they put them on no one was heard to ask, "Is my hat on straight?" What stronger proof could there be of feminine absorption and self-abnegation?

They dressed simply, many tastefully and prettily, in womanly style, without any straining after manly effects. The one woman in the audience who, with short-cut hair, plain straw sailor, and masculine looking collar, tie, shirt-front, and jacket, might when sitting in the pen have been mistaken for a man, was not a delegate or even a club woman.

Now and then under the tension of excited discussion, there was a little manifestation of hurt feeling and a few quick retorts, but there was no bolting of the convention. Nobody declared, "I won't play because you did so and so that I did not like."

It was a truly representative crowd of women—teachers, wives and daughters of ministers, the mothers of households, one active, white-haired delegate proudly declaring herself the mother of six sons,

all grown to vigorous and useful manhood.

Types of the "new woman"—these might be called club women—delegates to a state organization, undertaking the business of establishing a great humanitarian institution, yet, hopeful and reassuring sign, the text of their talk was "home." The mission of motherhood, how to improve the social life, how to help our boys and girls, problems of Negro womanhood, the future Negro woman, character, a single standard of morality, how to help the fallen, mother's meetings, were some of the topics discussed.

"I don't know much, but I do what I know," was the pathetic utterance of one Black Belt delegate. If only all of us would "do what we know!"

Upon the promised land of a realized hope their gaze was fixed. To all else their eyes were closed. Courteously they listened to admonitions from a few cool and cautious ones as to the magnitude and gravity of the task, they were warned to "take care" in deciding to shoulder so great a responsibility. And when it was over they broke the silence with the old enthusiasm and the persistent cry, "This one thing we do."

Back they came to all three sessions of the two days, braving the heat of a mid-summer sun, except the provident half-dozen or more who brought their lunch and ate it in the cool recesses of the big church.

The derelict few who went for drives or graced some social function while the meetings were in progress, were not only soundly scored by the faithful majority but had their remissness nipped

in the bud by the passage of a resolution providing that in future delegates so absenting themselves should be reported to their respective clubs.

Most of the women showed a fine spirit of self-denial, staying over an extra day when it was found that the time allotted to the work of the convention was too short, and bravely spending all of that day in session without so much as going out to get a drink of water. Only one woman is on record as pleading with an earnest advocate of an unpopular measure, "O, do stop talking and let it go any way. I am so tired. Let's get through and go home." Others were willing to stay not only all day but all night if necessary, in order to have such measures adopted as they thought for the best interest of the movement.

The reports showed a club constituency hardly less earnest than these representatives; else, how would such work have been accomplished? "Service" was the watch-word, "forward" the cry. If self-culture was a prominent feature in some of the organizations, it was self-culture associated with benevolent action, self-culture not alone for the sake of the individual, but also for the sake of the many. If some of the clubs had social evenings or served refreshments at the close of a strenuous session, such diversions were never confounded with the purpose of the body, the thing for which it stood, the reason for its being, and money raised for charity was not touched for such uses. Garments were made for the poor, other articles begged from overstocked wardrobes and bestowed where needed, food and fuel and medicine furnished the sick, tuition paid

in private institutions for children crowded out of the public schools. A room had been furnished in the charity ward of a hospital. One club had secured a gift of land and a cottage and was working to establish a hospital. One had bought land and had as its object the building of a High School in a town where no such provision was made for colored youth. One is furnishing the rooms of a local Young Men's Christian Association. Where fire or flood caused loss of life and property these clubs respond to appeal for aid.

Nor do they make the giving of alms the limit of their service. They seek to elevate the tone of life in their communities; they stand for "purity, for progress, for philanthropy, for peace."

Mothers' meetings are held in which topics relating to the care of home and children are informally discussed, popular lectures are provided, schools are visited, and a helpful interest shown in educational matters.

One club celebrates yearly the birthday of Douglass, and otherwise fosters race pride by giving an annual prize for the best essay on a race subject.

And so the reports go on, telling the tale of varied activity, all helpful and inspiring, but all subordinate to the larger object for which the clubs unite in the State Federation.

And what is this aim, this united undertaking? A great aim, a stupendous undertaking it is; yet not too great for courageous hearts and untiring hands—the establishment of a reformatory for wayward boys.

More than five years ago, in the city of Montgomery, a little group of earnest

women, moved with compassion for youthful lawbreakers of the race, arrested for minor offenses, convicted and sentenced to penitentiary and to mines, there to consort with hardened criminals, consecrated themselves to [the task] of awakening the public conscience and arousing interest looking to the establishment of a reformatory.

A club was formed for this purpose, but the magnitude of the work caused its promoters, upon the organization of the State Federation, to bring the work before that body as a fitting [object] for the united efforts of the women of the state. Three years ago the state organization adopted this work. The clubs were few and young, and weak; laboring, too, under the obligation of local charities already undertaken. Progress was slow, contributions coming in uncertainly and irregularly, many clubs being too poor to do more than send their delegates to the meetings with the requisite ten cents per capita.

Refusing to abandon hope, the purpose was held to tenaciously. Last year the clubs were asked to try to bring fifty dollars each. Several responded this year at the meeting in Mobile, the Mobile Century Club leading the van with seyenty-five dollars.

Banded together by this common purpose, a degree of unanimity prevails well nigh incomprehensible to the average attendant on men's conventions. Differing in tastes, pursuits, attainment, and station, a common hope levels all distinctions.

Not varying greatly from similar gatherings among their sisters in other sections is this assemblage of Afro-

American women of the South. Perhaps the most marked feature is the gravity of their mein, their seriousness of aspect.

That was the comment, perhaps the criticism, on the educated Afro-American woman of the South by a distinguished Northern woman of the race: "Your women are so solemn." The

fault is not in ourselves, but in our stars
---that we are weighted with care.

There is a blur on the sunshine of the fair South, there is a jar in the tones of her tender lute; the atmosphere is charged with elements that threaten. The sensitive soul of the discerning black woman thrills to the situation, and merriment dies out of her heart.

THE DIAMOND IN THE CLAY

By T. THOMAS FORTUNE.

THE man who finds a diamond in the clay
And knows its worth from common glass
That others trod upon or blindly pass,—
Their dreamful eyes uplifted from the way.
The people of that all too common class
Diagones rebuked, as we may still, alas!
For wisdom's children yet are prone to stray
In Nature's sunlight groping through life's day
And holds it at its value true, how'er
The common sort may taunt him for his faith,
Until it nestles in Fame's fickle ear,
Brilliant, compelling Admiration's breath,
Is more to be esteemed of men by far
Than they who praise the stone become a star.



Afro-American Realty Company

BY PHILIP A. PAYTON, JR.
President and General Manager

MANY people regard the birth of the Afro-American Realty Company, the answer to the thousands of prayers which have gone up to God from the respectable Colored people of New York City, begging for a relief from the present deplorable conditions of the Negro tenancy of this great city.

What Colored man or woman is there who has not been made to feel the sting of Negro Colonization? What man or woman is there who has not at least hoped, that some day these vile conditions would be changed?

We all know, alas, too well from bitter personal experience the great harm, the great injustice that is done the race by forcing all its people, the respectable and the disrepectable to live together. No race could present an appearance of respectability with such a handicap. 'Tis a well known fact that one bad act will more than offset many good ones. Especially is this true when it comes to measuring our people. The character of the Negro Colony is not judged by the actions and habits of the respectable, hard working thrifty Negro tenant, but by the disgraceful acts of the low-lived shiftless Negro, who is no good to himself, his race, or anyone else.

The day of miracles is passed. Prayers are to-day answered in the every day, practical manner. Many times by the putting in one's hands the tools with

which to obtain the things desirable. Indeed is this true in this case. Thanks to the kindness of God, it is now for the Negro to say, whether these conditions shall continue or whether respectable, law-abiding Negroes shall find it possible to live in respectable, law-abiding neighborhoods.

The white man is perfectly satisfied with the present state of affairs. To-day when he rents you a house, he does so, not because he can't do better, but because he can't do as well. As long as he can do as well renting to his own, the Negro need not even apply unless he desires to be met with a refusal. If we want a change we must bring it about ourselves, with Negro capital and Negro effort. Time will tell whether the Negro really desires from the bottom of his heart that these conditions be changed, or whether he complains simply to complain. Happy indeed is that man or race who knows when his or its prayers have been answered. Are we going to use implements God has put into our hands and support this Company with our money, that it may bring about the long and fervently prayed for change? or are we going to sit idly by, criticising without offering a better solution, and withholding our money for fear some one will profit more than we?

I must be frank to say that there is absolutely no doubt in my mind, that if



65-67 WEST 134TH STREET
Owned by the Company

the Colored people of this country honestly believed that the Afro-American Realty Company could do all it claims in its prospectus, that every dollar's worth of stock would be subscribed for in less than one month. I must admit that my people have been many times

deceived by Colored companies in whom they have placed their trust and money, and that it is quite natural for them to be skeptical about a Colored company, but has not the same been many more times true with white people and their white companies? Are we going to



30-32 WEST 135TH STREET
Owned by the Company.

forever hold aloof from Colored companies on the ground that one, two or three such companies in which we placed our confidence, or of which we have heard, failed? If we are, sorry indeed is the future of the American Negro.

This is recognized by the white people as the age of combination and corporation. If the white people, with their thousands of individual fortunes, feel the need of combining for their mutual benefit, how much more should we, whom I can safely say number no individuals-



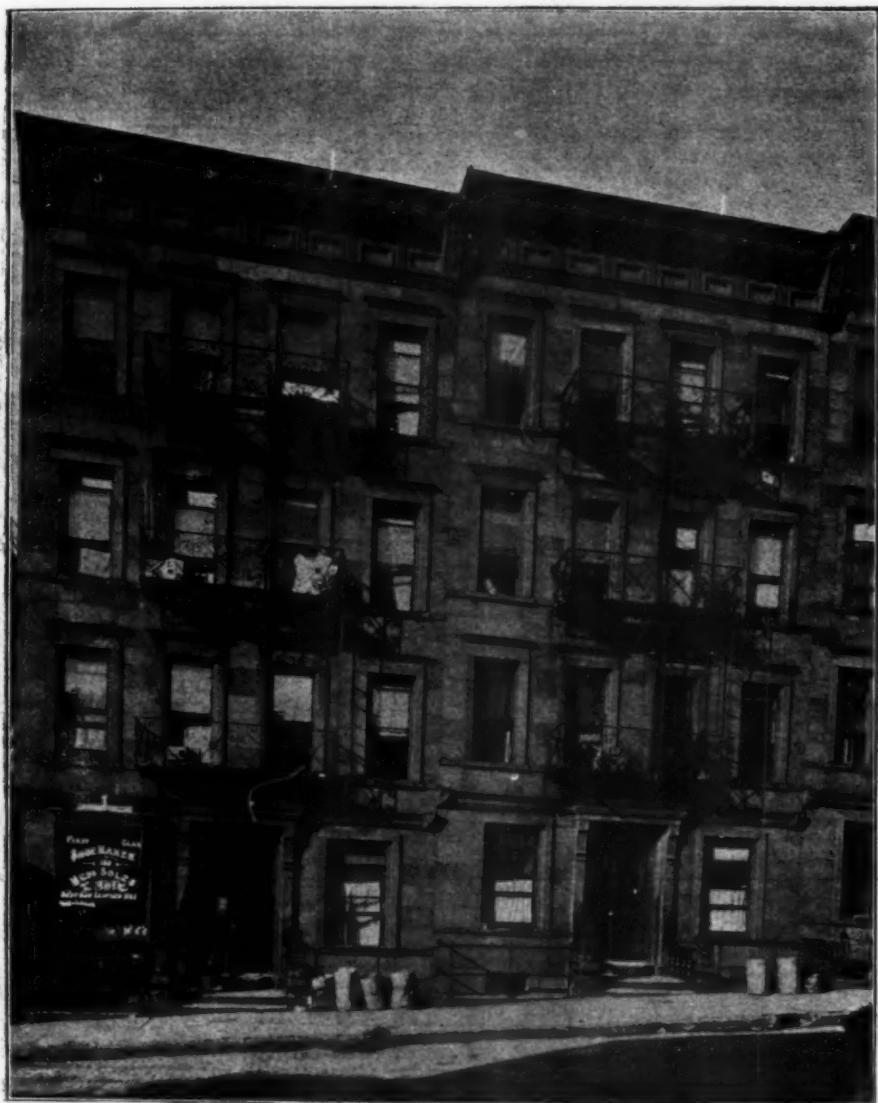
330-332-334-336-338 WEST 59TH STREET
Held under five-year Lease by the Company

among our race who are wealthy in the sense of the word to-day. Are we going to prove by not supporting this effort, that the white man's assertion that "the Negro lacks spirit of combination," is true?

Let us see if every claim the Afro-American Realty Company makes in its prospectus is not only possible, but thoroughly practical. They claim mainly that if the Colored people will support this Company with their money, that they can do away with Negro Coloniza-

tion. Let us see if they can't. I do not think there is anyone who will not admit that if they own a flat house, that they can rent it to whomsoever they please, regardless of where that flat house may be located. If this is admitted, and it must be, as there is no room for argument to the contrary, the same would be true if they owned a hundred of these houses in a hundred different blocks. One hundred flat houses will accommodate from 1,000 to 1,500 families. I ask you frankly, would

THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

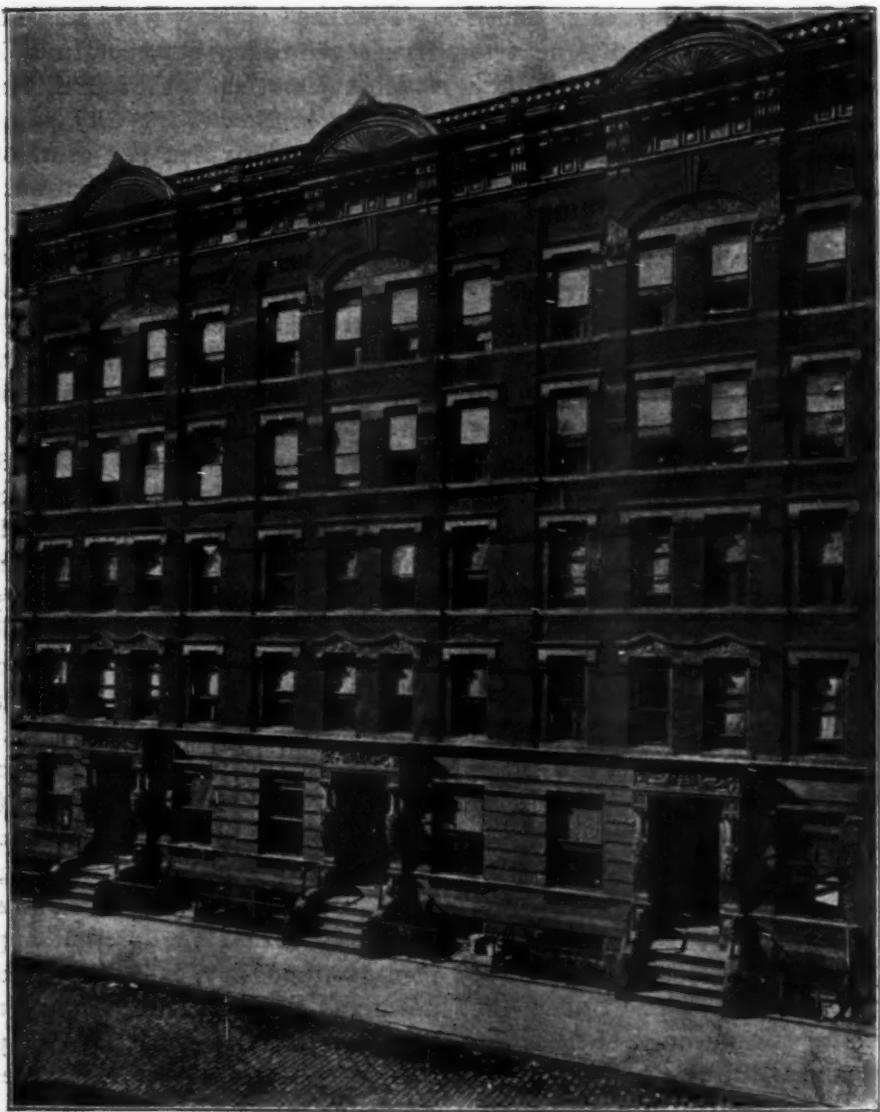


156-158 EAST 98TH STREET
Held by the Company under five-year Lease

Negro colonization be practical in the face of the fact that there were one hundred of these houses in one hundred different blocks catering to our people?

They also claim that the day will come, if the Company is supported, that the idea that it is not practical to put

white and colored tenants together in the same flat house can be done away with. Let us see if this is not only possible but practical. In my experience, as a Real Estate Agent, I have often had to make changes in the tenancy of flat houses from white to



86-88-90 WEST 134TH STREET

These were the first houses leased by the co-partnership. They were carried for one year at a profit of over \$1,000, when the lease was cancelled.

Colored. Not once, but often have I had some of the best white tenants in the house beg me not to make them move, assuring me that they saw no reason why they should move simply because I was going to rent to Colored

people, providing they were to be respectable. This is the way it will be done: The Afro-American Realty Company buys a house with white tenants in it; there is a vacancy; Mrs. Jones respectable, but Colored, applies; they

rent her the apartment; Mrs. Smith across the hall objects to living next to a Colored family; she moves out; they rent the apartment vacated by her to the first respectable and responsible tenant who comes along irrespective of race; some other white family moves out; the same thing takes place; those remaining soon learn that the difference between respectable white people and respectable Colored people is more imaginary than actual. The white owner and his agent will watch this experiment with interest, and when they see that the Afro-American Realty Company is successful at it, and keeps its houses well rented to desirable white and Colored tenants, I ask you, do you think they will keep their apartments empty, thereby losing much money in rent when there is an applicant for it, and no other objection can be raised to him other than that he has a black face?

Another thing that makes this all the more feasible is the great scarcity of desirable apartments even for white people. The demand has already equalled the supply in the ordinary twenty-five foot, 5 story double flat. Under the new building law no more of these can be built, and with the population increasing as it is, and the demand becoming greater, it can readily be seen that in the future the tenant for this class of house cannot be as fastidious as in the past, and that it will require something more than proximity to a respectable colored family to cause them to tear up and start out on the discouraging task of finding a house around or in which no black tenants are to be found.

That the Company will be able to pay from seven to ten per cent. in dividends is self evident, when the fact that income property in New York City pays from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. on the equity is taken into consideration.

For my part, I must confess that I do not see what is going to become of the Negro tenant in this city, if he does not support this Company or some other such movement. With the demand for apartments constantly increasing among white tenants, it can be seen that many of the Negro colonies in which are found a better class of houses, such as in 134th and 135th streets, will be emptied, the houses renovated and rented to white people. This has already taken place in several parts of the city. Colored people have all been driven out of 115th street, several out of East 75th street, West 146th street and many other places. Beyond a reasonable doubt, the completion of the new Pennsylvania Depot will bring about a great change in the character of the neighborhood now surrounding it. Value will so increase that the present improvements will not pay. They will be torn down and adequate improvements made. It goes without saying, that our people will not be allowed to live there then. This section is largely inhabited by our people. Where are they going when this and other changes take place and they are driven out? To the sixties? Yes, of absolutely necessary, unless they will, by support of this company, make it possible for it to be otherwise.

The Afro-American Realty Company is very grateful for the many letters of congratulation and encouragement,

which has come to it from all over the country, but the company should not be expected to buy houses or change conditions by expressions of congratulation and encouragement, unless perchance these expressions take the practical form of a subscription to its capital stock.

That the Colored people of this country will support the Afro-American Realty Company with their money, I feel positive.

The class and character of the men who are at the head of this great company, together with their practical proposition, and the material showing already made, makes this support doubly assured. Although the company is at present confining its operations to New York City, it is its intention, provided proper support is given it from the outside, to make the Afro-American Realty Company, an important factor in the Real Estate field, of each and every principal city in the United States.

The Prospectus.

THE AFRO-AMERICAN REALTY COMPANY recently incorporated under the laws of the State of New York for \$500,000 to operate in New York City Real Estate, had its origin in ten men, who over a year ago, joined themselves together, into co-partnership for the above mentioned purpose. They began by taking five year leases on flat houses and renting them to people of their own race. The success that met their efforts by far exceeded the expectation of the most optimistic of the co-partnership. In less than six months they were in control of ten flat houses, with an earning capacity of over \$5,000 per annum.

When the movement was started to put the colored people out of West 135th street, this co-partnership being unable to lease any houses on this street, voted to buy and did buy two 5-story flats valued at \$50,000 and thereby stemmed the tide, which, had it been successful in West 135th street, would surely have extended to West 134th street, which is almost entirely given over to our people.

When those who had it in their minds to change the tenancy of this street found themselves circumvented by this co-partnership, known as the Afro-American Realty Company, they lost no time in putting themselves in communication with this company and made them an offer of a tempting profit, which was declined.

Realizing the tremendous possibilities and advantages for a strong Realty Company in New York City, owned and controlled by Negroes, this co partnership voted to incorporate for \$500,000 and offer its stock at \$10 per share to its own people.

As a proof that they are not mistaken in believing that the co-operation of their people could be had, in a proposition of so much merit, \$100,000, or one-fifth of the entire capital stock of this Company has already been subscribed for.

The lines along which the Afro-American Realty Company can operate are many. The idea that Negroes must be confined to certain localities can be done away with. The idea that it is not practical to put colored and white tenants together in the same house can be done away with.

The reason for the present condition of the colored tenancy in New York City to-day, is because of the race prejudice of the white owner and his white agent. When the owner becomes colored and his agent colored, then there is compelled to come an improvement of the condition.

Race prejudice is a luxury and like all other luxuries, can be made very expensive in New York City, if the Negroes will but answer this call of the Afro-American Realty Company. With a cash capital of \$500,000, the Afro-American Realty Company can turn race prejudice into dollars and cents. The very prejudice which has heretofore worked against us can be turned and used to our profit.

Prejudice, so far as it relates to the Negro tenancy in New York City, will in time become so very expensive that it will become impracticable, and like all impracticable things, will die a natural death.

A respectable law-abiding Negro will find conditions can be so changed that he will be able to rent wherever his means will permit him to live.

One of the most beautiful and tempting facts of the proposition is, that all of this is to be accomplished without any sacrifice on our part, but rather with handsome profit to the stockholders of the Afro-American Realty Company.

The savings banks of New York City hold millions of dollars of money of our people, paying them $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interest and making the banks rich with the surplus profits. Our proposition retains for the race the surplus profits.

The Afro-American Realty Company

in all probability will be able to pay its stockholders from 7 to 10 per cent., or more, on every dollar's worth of stock held by them, besides accomplishing the above results.

Real estate is recognized by the best business men of to-day as the safest of all the many investments. Income property in this city, when properly managed, will pay from 15 to 25 per cent., on the equity, so with \$500,000 in this manner invested, even if we never resold any of our holdings at a profit, which of course from the nature of real estate in this city, is bound to happen, taken from a renting standpoint alone, would earn the Company from \$75,000 to \$125,000 per year.

The Afro-American Realty Company, besides controlling ten flat houses under five-year leases, now own four 5-story flats valued at \$125,000.

The Afro-American Realty Company is going to prove to the people of New York City and the country at large, that there is executive and business ability in the Negro race, that the Negro's business capacity equals that of any other race, when given the necessary capital to work with.

An earnest appeal is hereby made to the colored people to unite for our mutual benefit and protection. The Negro is being gradually crowded out of all lines and is pursued by a relentless race prejudice. It remains for him alone to stop this. Judging from the rapidity with which the balance of the unsold stock of the Company is being taken by our people, we can but say that our appeal is being answered, and the colored people are awake to the needs of the situation.

The personnel of the Board of Directors of the Company is bound to commend it to the respect, trust and confidence of even the most skeptical of our race. Most of them are men who have made a success in their individual lines and are well known in New York City for their ability, worth and integrity.

The books of the Afro-American Realty Company are now open for stock subscription. Do not put this matter off for another day. To-day is the time to buy, if you want to be numbered among those of the race who are doing something toward trying to solve the so-called "Race Problem." The stock of the Afro-American Company offers you this opportunity, with a profit to yourself, at the same time; but if for no other reason the business proposition alone should appeal to every member of the race.

The par value of the stock of the Afro-American Realty Company is \$10.00 per

share. The person who buys one share is as welcome as the person who buys five hundred shares. Remember that for \$10 and upwards you will be numbered among those who are at least trying to do something for the advancement of the race along practical business lines. All prospective stock purchasers are invited to the offices of the Afro-American Realty Company, No. 115 Broadway, 6th floor, where a more detailed statement of the condition and intentions of the Company will be given than space will here permit. If not convenient for you to call at our offices, write us and an agent of the Company will call on you by appointment. We most earnestly solicit your closest scrutiny and inquiry. Again asking you for your co-operation, we beg to remain,

Very truly yours

AFRO-AMERICAN

REALTY COMPANY.





THE accompanying picture is James J. Ferribee, a bright young colored man of 26. Born in North Carolina, he was brought to New York when he was ten years old and educated in the public schools. Mr. Ferribee is steward of the Central Republican Club, 101 West 127th Street, New York City. He is pretty well known as a politician in the Thirty-first Assembly District, in which he lives. He secured many positions for his friends last winter, through the leader, Mr. Samuel Strasbouger, and his secretary, Frank Bartley, who are both very good friends of

the colored people of their district. Mr. Ferribee is also quite a decorator and was made chief assistant to John B. Odell, the well known decorator, who is employed at present in the Custom Service. Mr. Odell was the man who laid plans for and decorated the famous Camp McKinley, at 125th Street and Seventh Avenue; and also found a spot in 125th Street, between Seventh and Eighth Avenues for the Camp Roosevelt, which, we read so much about. Mr. Ferribee has been working side by side with John B. Odell, who is his employer. They are the sole decorators of Camp Roosevelt.

IN THE EDITOR'S SANCTUM

We wish to make the position of the Magazine plain to our friends and the public to whom we are indebted for support and from whom we desire continued favor. The Magazine seeks to publish matter of general interest from the most reliable and interesting writers. It seeks to publish articles showing the advancement of our people along material lines, believing that the people generally are more interested in having information of the doings of the members of the race, rather than the writings of dreamers or theorists.

The writer desires also to have it thoroughly understood that he alone is responsible for the Magazine and is desirous only of pleasing the people and publishing a Magazine that will meet with the largest measure of support. We have always been known to do our own thinking when it comes to policies to be followed, making due allowance for the rights of others, and at the same time we are always glad to receive suggestions from those qualified to give them.

We desire to have it emphatically understood in this connection that we are proud and feel honored in having the friendship of Dr. Booker T. Washington and we shall always take pleasure in publishing in the Magazine any matter in which he is interested, or which he desires us to publish. We regard Dr.

Washington as the greatest living Negro, and say unqualifiedly that he has our support in the great work he is doing in behalf of the race. We are not catering for the support of the narrow-minded, for, as a rule, they do not amount to much and little attention is given to their mutterings. The masses of the Negro race look up to Dr. Washington as their leader and he is in every respect worthy of their fullest confidence.

F. R. M.

MISS MARY WHITE OVINGTON of Brooklyn has been selected for a most important sociological mission and will start at once upon her investigations. The work will be a thorough study of the Negroes of New York, with a view to the improvement of their condition. Miss Ovington will look into the opportunities for employment, the housing conditions and the agencies for relief. We desire to commend Miss Ovington to our Ministers and Teachers, and we ask that they give her all possible assistance in the work she is so unselfishly doing in behalf of our race.

MR. ALFRED M. BARRETT, whose interesting address we publish, was born in Ohio and came to New York in 1889, to accept a position with the Western National Bank. He was a close observer of methods and through diligent

work soon rose to the position of Assistant Paying Teller and from that to Receiving Teller. He is considered one of the best money counters in the business and an expert in the detection of counterfeit money. The first chapter organized was the Alexander Hamilton of New York City, of which Mr. Barrett was elected President. He has traveled extensively in the interest of the movement and is very popular with the membership. He is a pleasing speaker and understands thoroughly the art of oratory. He is now at the head of the Money Department in the National Bank of Commerce in New York City and at the recent convention held at St. Louis, Mo., Mr. Barrett was unanimously elected President. The organization has branches in all the large cities of the United States and its membership is composed of the brightest minds of the banking fraternity. We predict for Mr. Barrett a very bright successful future.

OUR men and women are beginning to realize the necessity of standing together in support of one another. They are beginning to recognize that in union there is strength. They are gradually ridding themselves of doubting the capacity of the race to do. Each year this confidence shows growth, and results are more satisfactory. The most forceful agency in bringing this about is the influence that the National Negro Business League is exerting through its annual meetings, and in the distribution of literature. At these annual meetings the men and women engaged in business touch elbows and receive information

and advice for the improvement of the business in which each is engaged. The meetings are mighty interesting and inspiring and those who attend cannot help but be benefitted through what they see and hear. The pessimist becomes an optimist and goes from the meetings with the determination of becoming a worker and doing something. Touching elbows begets confidence.

You at first say: "I really did not believe that we had so many capable men and women. I did not know there were so many engaged in the various trades. Who would have thought we had so many bankers, planters, dry goods merchants, carriage builders, contractors, and manufacturers. I knew we had a number of undertakers, but to think what I have missed through not attending the League meetings. I shall return to my home and see what I can do. I shall begin to support the individuals of my race doing business. I shall subscribe for the newspapers and magazines published in our interest. I never gave a thought to the underlying principle that should actuate the individual. Support your own. By following out that idea I am helping the race through the individual. I shall begin to have confidence, where I have hitherto been suspicious. I shall endeavor to organize a Local Business League and become useful. The slothful shall be made to realize that there is something for them to do. They shall be encouraged to seek honest toil. In this way we shall be able to solve for ourselves the problem. Standing together in support of each other will be of powerful assistance."



S. R. SCOTTRON,
Editor

E. V. C. EATO,
Associate Editor



The Work of Brother Clark Considered

By S. R. S.

IN presenting as we did in the October number of THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE, a portion, what we may term, the introductory portion, to the great work of our late Most Worshipful Brother, Samuel W. Clark, "The Negro Mason in Equity," we feel that the heart of every member of the craft must be thrilled with the eloquence, of which he was a master, in which he presents the high aim of Masonry, an institution in which "neither race, nor creed, nor clime, nor condition is a barrier to an entrance into its sanctuaries." After reading which, every American Mason, who is a Mason in his heart, must surely indulge in a few moments of reflection not at all satisfactory to his inner consciousness, when he thinks of the failure of the institution here to meet that high ideal.

The white Mason may turn the deaf ear to the Negro's appeal and knock, fully assured in his own mind, that the appeal comes from one particularly anx-

ious to introduce himself, socially or otherwise, into company where he is not wanted. But he is wrong. No race is endowed with a greater conception of the high and idealistic plane of human life than the Negro. He breathes the poetry and music of human existence. While fettered and shackled he nevertheless enjoys the brightness of the stars in the distant firmament. He forgets the present, oblivious of the wrongs inflicted upon himself while indulging in lofty imaginations, hopes for himself, hopes for his country, desiring with his every pulse-beat that America shall attain to that high elevation consistent with the eloquent words of the fathers, to be found in the orations past and present of Americans, who dwell upon the great mission of our country to bring liberty, fraternity and equality to all mankind. He knocks at the door of his white American brother, not so much for his own personal gain and uplifting as for the elevation of the whole American people,

that all may be respected by their foreign brothers, in the knowledge that their hearts fully conceive of the depth and grandeur of their own eloquence. That they may not be thought as thinking with their heads higher ideals than their hearts can feel. No, indeed, the Negro Mason would lift the whole craft in this country. He is anxious for its honor. He would rid the foreigner of the sneer always felt and often spoken when the white American discourses so eloquently

upon Liberty, Fraternity, Equality.

We shall see in the portion of Brother Clark's work which we now present, that his heart was full of kindness, brotherly love, since he takes so great pains to mention the names of so many worthy and illustrious white American brethren, and to present their words too, in behalf of the fulfillment of the higher aims of Masonry in America. Throughout his work you will find no bitterness, only Hope, Faith, Charity.

The Negro Mason in Equity

By M.W.BRO. SAMUEL W. CLARK

BUT we would not say that all are so; for, engraven on the tablets of our memories, in letters of shinning gold, are the names of true and noble-hearted men who, imbued with the true principles of Masonry, have, not in canting words, but in practical reality, "joined heart to heart and hand to hand around the altar of Masonry with a determination that Masonry shall become at some time worthy of her pretensions—no longer a pretender of that which is good, but that she shall be an apostle of peace, good-will, charity, and toleration." From across old briny ocean there comes to us, wafted by the winds of "Equality, Liberty, and Fraternity," the names of Morgenstern and Glitza, Barthelmes and Findel, Thevenot and Caubet, Kemeny and Beigel, Castellazzo and Braband, Santiago and Wholey, Marbach and Grimaux, Scaria and Weis-

man, and a host of others; from the "land of the free and the home of the brave," Minnesota sends a Griswold; Iowa, a Peck; Illinois, a Robbins; Massachusetts, a Norton; and Ohio, our own "Buckeye State," in solid phalanx, a Bierce, a Carson, a Wilmer, a Woodward, a Werner, and a Pike, with Asa H. Battin at its head and John D. Caldwell, with "New Day, New Duty," as its support.

These and the many others associated with them in the battle for the supremacy of the right shall surely have their reward.

On the other hand are the myriads who would crush us if they could—men whom we meet in the daily mart, before whose tribunals we plead for justice, and to whose holy teachings we reverently bow. And you ask, is it possible that these upright and honorable men can be

so unjust as to deny you that which justly belongs to you? Alas, too true, they do! But they are well skilled in logic, and, if you but listen without investigating, they will prove to you that we are but cheats and impostors, and consequently their actions just and proper. Therefore, we ask you to come with us, and, with the lamp of history, examine their reasons for our rejection and see whether they be not sophisms. If ye be fair-minded men, we fear not the result. "Truth is mighty and will prevail."

So far as we have been able to ascertain, the following are all the reasons that are urged against our recognition as Free and Accepted Masons:

1. That there is a doubt as to whether Prince Hall and his associates were ever made Masons.
2. That if they were made Masons, it was in an Army Lodge without proper authority.
3. That if they were legally made Masons they had no right to exist as an organized body, as is claimed they did from 1775 to 1787, when a warrant, as claimed, was received from the Grand Lodge of England.
4. That no warrant was ever received from England. That what purported to be a warrant was a forged, falsified document.
5. That if received, it was returned to England for correction but never again received in America, a mutilated copy being used in its stead.
6. That if a warrant was granted them it was a violation of the territorial rights of the "Massachusetts Grand Lodge,"

7. That if they were legally warranted it was only as a subordinate Lodge; and that it was an assumption of authority on the part of Prince Hall to establish lodges in Philadelphia, and Providence, R. I.; and, that the Grand Lodge established in Boston, in 1808, with African Lodge, No. 459, and the Lodges in Philadelphia and Providence was an irregular body, and as a consequence all its decent is illegal and clandestine.

8. That after the death of Prince Hall, in 1807, the Lodge became dormant, and had thereafter no actual existence.

9. That in 1813, upon the union of the Grand Lodges of England, African Lodge, which had been registered as No. 459, and subsequently as 370, was removed from the list and was never after recognized by the United Grand Lodge of England.

10. That by the Declaration of Independence made by the African Lodge in 1827, its June, existence, if it had any, came to an end.

11. That by the surrender of its warrant to the National Grand Lodge in 1847, it lost its character as a Grand Lodge.

12. That we were not free-born, and therefore could not be made Masons.

13. That our Lodges and Grand Lodges violate the "American Doctrine of Exclusive Territorial Jurisdiction, and therefore have no legal right to exist."

We now propose to take up these objections in the order enumerated, and shall endeavor to prove that they have no basis for their support.

1. That there is a doubt as to whether Prince Hall and his associates were ever made Masons.

The history of their initiation is as follows:

In the early part of 1775, when Boston was garrisoned by British troops, the Masons connected with General Gage's command held lodge meetings at headquarters. Prince Hall, the leading free colored citizen of Boston, was invited to initiation. He considered the matter and made up his mind to join. One night, shortly after, he went alone to the headquarters of General Gage, was admitted to Masonry and raised to the sublime degree of a Master Mason. This made him the first of African decent initiated into the order in the United States, or Colonies at that time. Other free colored citizens of Boston were invited to join the Masons, and on March 6, 1775, Cyrus Jonbus, Buesten Slinger, Thomas Sanderson, Prince Tayden, Cato Spain, Boston Smith, Peter Best, Fortin Howard, Prince Rees, John Canten, Peter Freeman, Benjamin Tiber, Duff Buform, and Richard Tilley were initiated at Castle William, Boston Harbor, now Fort Independence, by Master Batt.

Each of the above candidates paid for entering, fifteen guineas; for passing, seven guineas; for raising, three guineas.

To these brethren there was revealed, on that memorable day, those secrets

which Masonic tradition informs us may be traced to the building of the Temple, and the essential principle of which has its germ in the creation of life.

The motive of the English Masons in initiating the first fifteen colored men into the fraternity in this country has been and is still questioned. It is claimed by many that it was done in order to secure the co-operation of the Negroes in this country with the British. If this was their motive, they failed in securing its end, for Prince Hall, one of the original fifteen, appears upon the Revolutionary rolls of the State of Massachusetts as one of the earliest enlisted men in the service of the country against the British. Again it is claimed, that these English Masons were influenced by entirely different motives. Recognizing the principle, "By the exercise of brotherly love we are taught to regard the whole human species as one family," which was adopted by the Grand Lodge of England, in 1717, it followed as a natural conclusion that these fifteen colored men were made Masons in order that this principle might be proved in recognizing a race which was the most degraded and brutally treated of the world. To this latter view colored Masons, generally, give their assent. The records of the initiation of these fifteen colored men is in possession of the Prince Hall Grand Lodge of Massachusetts.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS

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Editor and Publisher

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Superintendent

NON account of ill-health Miss Pauline Hopkins has found it necessary to sever her relations with this Magazine and has returned to her home in Boston. Miss Hopkins was a faithful and conscientious worker, and did much toward the building up the Magazine. We take this means of expressing our appreciation of her services, and wish for her a speedy return to complete health.

We have secured the services to the Magazine of Mr. Roscoe Conkling Simmons, and he will enter upon his work November first. Mr. Simmons has a splendid reputation as a writer and we are pleased to have him with us in our work.

We appreciate very much the many letters of congratulation received on the general appearance of the Magazine. We would be better pleased and it would be more encouraging to have a subscription accompany such letters hereafter. To publish a magazine requires money, and bills cannot be satisfied with congratulatory letters. Send us a subscription.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

A Mr. S. Barrett is travelling through the West soliciting subscriptions to THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE and collecting money for the same. Mr. Barrett is not connected with the Magazine and is not authorized to represent us and we warn all persons against giving him subscriptions.

By a misprint Mr. Philip A. Payton, Jr. appears in the Magazine as president and general manager of the Afro-American Realty Company. Mr. J. C. Thomas is the president and Mr. Payton vice president and general manager.

ALL advertisements for our Christmas Number must be in on or before the 15th of November. Our December Number will be most interesting and offers to advertisers a splendid opportunity for profitable investment.

AGENTS will hereafter send in their orders for magazines not later than the 20th of each month, preceding that of issue desired.